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The Anxiety Werewold

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THE ANXIETY WEREWOLF

Pineapple heart, you're a
jarful of bees.

A quiet stadium.

Ice is desperation—it
used to be harvested.
Now we
make it.

Places to sit become fewer
and far so I'm hiding
in a bathroom across
the city while you're
actually shitting at home.

Guava tongue, you're a
lungful of butter.

We make new rhythms on
Pompeii instruments but
the strings
are breaking.

You write a note I read
backwards, but spoken aloud it's
upside down & transcribing
makes it right again.

Starfruit womb, you're an
eyeful of planets.